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was no less qualified to govern nations, than to conquer or defend them, an observation which was drawn forth by the number of political works which he composed. Of these, one treatise entitled 'The Cabinet Council, containing the chief Arts of Empire, and Mysteries of State, discabineted,' was published by Milton in 1658; with the motto 'Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina digne scriperit?' And with the following notice.—'Having had the manuscript of this treatise, written by Sir Walter Raleigh, many years in my hands, and finding it lately by chance, among other books and papers, upon reading thereof I thought it a kind of injury to withhold longer the work of so eminent an author from the public; it being both answerable in style to other works of his already extant, as far as the subject will permit, and given me for a true copy by a learned man at his death, who had collected several such pieces.

JOHN MILTON.'

" Among his philosophical works have been classed, 'The Instructions to his Son, and Posterity,' published after his death, in the small collection of his works, entitled his 'Remains.' This didactic composition reminds the modern reader, in many passages, of the celebrated Letters of Lord Chesterfield, who may, perhaps, have borrowed the notion of such a form of admonition from this little work. But Raleigh, in directing the attention of youth to the formation of character, presents, as the only solid foundation, the pure principles of Christianity, and derives his best maxims from Holy Writ itself. He places, indeed, a sufficient, and perhaps, more than sufficient importance upon wordly motives and wordly prudence; but he considers them ever as in subjection to virtue and religion. In this respect he holds a rank as an instructor, far superior to the ingenious writer with whom the foregoing comparison has been made. Although he enters not into the minutiae of deportment, habits, and dress, nor upon the methods necessary for the attainment of a good name in society, upon which Lord Chesterfield peculiarly insisted, yet he may be deemed, of the two, the wiser friend, and it may be added, the more affectionate father; for he writes with a more earnest regard to those interests of his child, and of youth in general, to which an anxious parent would look with solicitude, and inculcate with the greatest assiduity.—The essays of Raleigh are calculated to form the pure and well-intentioned youth, into an upright and religious member of the community. Those of his modern rival are qualified to nourish selfishness, to encourage the subtleties and artifices of polite life, and to convert the aspirations of youthful ambition into an habitual reverence for worldly advantages, and for these alone."

" Of Raleigh's historical productions, some incidental notices have already been given in the course of this sketch of his life. The noblest of all his literary productions, the History of the World, was not in all probability, commenced until he had entered his fifty-first year; and when, in sickness and despondency, he had to check the afflicting retrospection of his heaviest calamities, to sustain unrelenting persecutions, and the most appalling reverses of fortune, and to contend against the depression naturally produced by the prospect of a

long imprisonment. Such were the circumstances with which he had to conflict, and such their tendency to damp his ardour for fame, and to chill every transport of enthusiasm—These were, however, ineffectual in impeding the progress of such a portion of this undertaking as is sufficient to perpetuate Raleigh's names, so long as our national literature shall continue to exist. It is deeply to be regretted that if he had actually collected materials for a second part, they were destroyed or suffered to remain useless. If, as an historian of remote ages, he could throw any interest into the narrative of early times, how vivid would have been his pictures of modern manners; how animated his details of the achievements of chivalry; how graphic, and yet how impartial, his relations of the vast changes which time, conquest, or religion, effect upon our moral condition! It is, however, problematical, whether more than loose notes, or hasty reflections were really compiled for the sequel of this justly eulogized undertaking."

We shall only subjoin two of the letters from the appendix; the first shows the lively interest which the queen Elizabeth at one time took in Raleigh's welfare; the other, the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner, in his altered and miserable state:

"From Q. Eliz. to Her Vice Roy in Ireland 1582. By the Queene."

" Right trusty and well beloved we greet you well. Wher we be given to understand that Captain Appesley is not long since deceased and the band of footmen which he had committed now to James Fenton: for that as we are informed said Fenton hath otherwise an entertainment by a certain ward under his charge, but chiefly for that our pleasure is to have our servant Walter Rawley trained some longer time in that our realm for his better experience in martiall affairs, and for the special care we have to do him good in respect of hys kyndred that have served us some of them (as you know) neer about our parson; theise are to requier you that the leading of the said bande may be committed to the said Rawley, and for that he is for somme considerations by us excused to staye heere, oure pleasure is that the said bande shall be in the meane tyme till he repair into that our realm delivered to somme sooché as he shall depute to be his lieutenant there. Given at our Manor of Greenwich—the — April 1582 — 24 year of our Reign."

"To the Queen's most excellent Maiestie."

" I did lately presume to send unto your Maiestie the coppie of a letter written to my Lord Treasurer touching Guiana, that there is nothing done therein I could not but wonder with the world, did not the mallice of the world exceede the wisedome thereof. In mine owne respect, the everliving God doth witness that I never sought such an employmant, for all the gold in the earth could not invite me to travell after miserie and death, both which I had bine likeler to have overtaken in that voyage than to have returned from it; but the desire that led me, was the approving of my fayth to his Maiestie, and to have done him such a service as hath seldome bine pformed for any king. But, most excellent Princes, although his Maiestie do not so much love himself for the present as to accept of that riches which God have offred him, therby to take all presumption from his enemies, arising from the want of treason, by which (after God)

all States are defended: yet it may be that his Maiestie will consider more deiply therof hereafter, if not to late, and that the dissolution of his humble vassall do not preceede his Maiestie's resolution therein; for my extreme shortness of breath doth grow so fast on me, with the dispayre of obtayning so much grace to walk with my keeper up the hill withine the tower, as it makes me resolve that God hath otherwise disposed of that busenes and of me, who after eight yeers imprisonment am as straightly lokt up as I was the first day, and the punishment dew to other mens extreme negligence layd altogether upon my patience and obedience. In which respect, most worthy Princes, it were a sute farr more fitting the hardness of my destinie (who every day suffer, and am subiect every day to suffer, for other mens offences) rather to desire to die once for all, and thereby to give end to the miseries of this life, than to strive against the ordinance of God, who is a trew judge of my innocence towards the king, and doth know me,

" for your Maiestie's most

" humble and most

" bound vassall

" W. RALEGH."

The English at Home. By the author of "The English in Italy," and "The English in France." 3 vols. post 8vo.—London: Colburn and Bentley.

" Did you read it through," was Dr. Johnson's constant interrogatory when he heard any one praising a book: now we have read Lord Normanby's book *through*, and it has given us great pleasure and some advantage. There is a right sense, and natural healthy and good—morally good—feeling running through it, that we like. Moreover, the writer possesses the slight advantage of being, as our Irish song describes it—

" A gentleman born too, and bred;" and therefore he can afford to address himself directly to human nature, and the springs of human feeling and action, without stopping to convince his readers of his gentility, by ordering his clothes of three tailors, inflicting upon them tedious descriptions of the most approved method of cutting a coat or an acquaintance, slandering one's mother, or intriguing with his neighbour's wife.

There are four stories, but the first and the best occupies two volumes: it is the history of a young man, the illegitimate son of an unmarried peer who grows gouty and penitential in his sixty-first year, sends for his child from the academy in Yorkshire where he had been placed twelve years before, acknowledges him as his son, educates him himself;—but stay, we must detail his plan of education, for it is brief and curious:—

" He took it for granted, that Ernest, at his present advanced age, seventeen, had become sufficiently acquainted with by-past ages, with classic times, and literature. It was naturally absurd, he certainly thought, for children to be immersed at first, for their very elements of learning, amidst a world of facts and ideas so utterly foreign to all them around them, or to any they could ever be conversant with. If it were absurd to plunge them in the history of their times, it was doubly so to make them pore over those works of genius, whose spirit and beauties they could not possi-

bly enter into and comprehend. But, as custom and prejudice had sanctioned this course of education, which influenced so strongly, and tinged the ideas and feelings of the age, he deemed it wrong to depart from it. It would certainly have been more natural and wise to reserve such studies fresh for man's mature age; but he felt how such a system would place the mind so instructed, in direct opposition with the thoughts of its fellows; nay, would cause it to be ridiculous; since the chief requisite and secret for catching the tone of a people, or time, or class, is to know and feel what is common-place with them, what not. Not to be aware of this, or to have ideas peculiar to oneself, is to run counter to society, to loose one's intellectual rank in it, and be beyond its pale.

"Lord Ratoath was therefore contented that Ernest had gone through the usual routine of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and Homer. They no sooner, however, entered the library of the Oaks together, than all these books were discarded. The youth was commanded to forget them for some years, till restored freshness and maturity would afterwards enable him to taste their true beauties and excellence, as soon as that disgust of modern life and literature, which is so apt to assail the wane of manhood, should drive him back to those early studies.

"Previous to his entering the world, Lord Ratoath thought the chief requisite for his son was to become acquainted with the last three hundred years, not only the events of that period, but the literature, the spirit, the progress of thought, and its reigning tone, in each century. As to the history and scattered volumes of, and respecting, all antecedent ages, casual and miscellaneous reading would be sufficient to supply and keep up a due knowledge.

"In the prosecution of this plan, his parents caused Ernest to begin, not with the beginning, but the end; that is, with the day then present, dividing time into epochs, and studying each, proceeding backwards, from the reign of George the third, and of the Emperor Napoleon, to those of the Seventh Henry, and the Eleventh Louis. Prominent features in history, whether of events or opinions, were to be strongly marked in their retrograde progress, but much was to be passed as unintelligible, though explication was never wanting. Literature, too, of each period, was glanced over in a still more cursory manner, but sufficient to be of use in the way of reference and comparison hereafter. The last parts of each author were perused, his scope and influence marked, his merit, slightly discussed. And memory was tasked to arrange the whole line in view, so that an ideal map of modern times might always be present, or ready to be present, to the mind's eye.

"This concluded, and very many months it required, (though not more, perhaps, than he had spent in thumbing Virgil, for he could scarcely have been said to read it—line by line,) the more serious task commenced, of retracing the same period, according to its natural progress, studying events in the tedious but satisfactory volumes of contemporary writers, and catching from them the full spirit of each time. To works of philosophy and thought, most attention was to be paid; history was an accompaniment to the study of them, while they proved to be a commentary upon it. The poetry and light literature of the period, intermingled with conversation betwixt son and parent, filled up the evening of each studious day.

"Being immersed, both of them—the old as much, perhaps more than the young—in the particular epoch, lost in it, each volume of their still varied reading bearing upon, and illustrating the other, they experienced an interest in the dryest page of the theorist in the chronicle, superior to what, in idle and unsystematic reading, they would have gleaned from the chapters of a novel.

"Lord Ratoath declared, that the four years so spent were the happiest of his life; his son never ceased to look back to them with regret."

Thus prepared, Lord Ratoath introduces his son into society in London, brings him in for a borough, and endeavours to secure his success 'in the world.' The difficulties Ernest is destined to encounter in love and in politics, from the slur that cannot be removed from his birth, and the general and particular habits and manners of good society in England, are here ably and minutely described. The description is not forced and false, as in those vulgar productions commonly called fashionable novels, but good and true; and manners and character are never lost sight of, under mere conventional habit and phrase. The story of an Irish parvenu named Fitz-Erne, of whom it is recorded that "an intonation of voice not amounting to brogue, but rather being the mere absence of the English accent, united with his name in betraying his country," forms an interesting episode in the narrative. We can only find room, however, for the close of the career of the hero with whom we started.

"Ernest Willoughby grew,—we can no longer say, up,—the bachelor and the idler. What a fate for a hero,—and yet he promised, like many of the world, to be one,—like them, ending in common-place and disappointment! Yet it is surprising to mark, how the most mercurial spirits will in time submit to dulness and nonentity, close accounts with fortune, and give but a brief sigh to hopes blasted. Willoughby was not without those slender materials of happiness, which satisfy *caste*. He had his *own man*, his club, his stray-joke. He continued scrupulous in dress, and in address, never compromising dignity, nor risking aught that he still possessed, the world's good opinion of him, or his *own*. When asked, did he not spend a dull life? he denied the impeachment, and had a philosophic smile on the occasion, that told strongly as a *negative*. Then he had the credit of *having seen* life, of *having been* a wit and a gallant. An hundred times a season was his anticipating epitaph told in St. Jame's-street: That 'Had Mr. Willoughby not been careless and dissipated, he *might* have been conspicuous in Parliament, and would certainly have been a Right Honourable. Such was the extent of his consolation.'

The 'Monte B. Papers,' in the third volume, contain a curious and somewhat philosophically written contrast of the state of society and manners at the present day in England and in France. It is a strange essay to meet in a novel, but bating that, we like it very well. The last story, entitled Earsham, affords perhaps the best opportunity for enabling our readers to judge of the book by sample, because we can bring the plot within a reasonable compass.

"General Turton succeeded very unexpectedly to the Barony of Earsham. He had served chiefly in India, and had lived there.

Sir Eyre Coote was his hero, so far back did he date. All the stories he had, were predicated of him and Hyder. The General knew nobody who had not been in India; he had, consequently, an extensive set of acquaintances. He had also married a young and second wife, whose company it was his great object to keep to himself. He was as jealous as he was bilious, and would quarrel with any one who looked at his wife in the street. Consequently, he hated London; and even Earsham was a *pis aller* with him, in comparison with Hyderabad, where, it is to be opined, he had commanded.

"The general had two sons, each of a different marriage. The eldest drew breath in India, the latter on the English ground: yet George (the name of the youngest) did not benefit by his position. His mother had not the will to act harshly to her stepson, and the general was a tyrant, who did not leave her the power. He preferred, infinitely, Dionsyius, the eldest son and heir, whose infancy had been tended by a host of slaves, and whose bearing and character were quite in unison with such oriental breeding. George, on the contrary, was like his mother, mild, patient—fond indeed, but too timid to show it, especially to such a passionate parent as the general. The latter often took his shyness for sulkiness and indifference, and grumbled, in consequence, an oath of reprobation, at which poor George quaked in his skin.

"The general's wives both died of consumption. Both, in fact, were delicate and weak, and the husband's temper supplied the fever. One went off suddenly, the latter lingered long. She used to sit for days, one might say years, but that they were not many, at the window of their cottage, near Bexley, stealing her gentle eyes from her work to watch her son George, as he crouched beneath his father's frown, or more happily pursued his gambols on the lawn. Yet the general was not without moments of kindness, though his liver, as he himself said, had almost obliterated his heart; and he dreaded to be left alone. For the bilious man, how horrible! Yet he was so. Mrs. Turton—she never lived to be lady Earsham—stole quietly from him and from the world, blessed her dear George with a mother's love; Dionsyius too, and the general, with a stepmother's and wife's forbearance, and died in the struggle.

"But for the falling in of the title and the property, the general would have felt her loss severely.

"I wish that those boys could exchange tempers,' observed General Turton, some years subsequent. 'The vivacious, ardent, pettish, envious, ambitious, restless character of Dionsyius would have fitted the younger brother, and spurred him to make his way. Whilst the grave, tranquil, and tender temperament of George would have become the hereditary man of fortune and the senator.'

"And why, knowing his character, sir, will you put George into the army?" was the reply of the accosted person.

"It is the only profession—the only, General Turton asserted, and re-asserted. Dionsyius was to enter the guards, and George to have his commission in a marching regiment.

"Before this could be put into effect, George, whose mind was ever 'upon peaceful thoughts intent,' thought proper to fall enamoured, and not enamoured with the quick, lively, and pas-

sing feelings of the soldier; his was of a dull, tender, dogged, matrimonial kind, that paints its angel, not shining in a ball-room, or sentimentally separating a lock of hair for a farewell gift, but seated mechanically by a domestic fireside. Be it presumed, how much the brothers hated one another: though on George's part, the feeling was but love negatived; with Dionysius it was veritable hate—furious, bitter, envenomed envy. Every one loved the amiable George, that is, every visiter and friend of the mansion; Master Di's spirit being vastly preferred by the underlings of the servants' hall and stable-yard. The general himself was of this way of thinking. Dion was not satisfied with his share of preference. He felt as injustice, that of which his brother robbed him. Numerous and desperate were the quarrels betwixt them; for George, though gentle, was in no want of courage; and his passions, when strongly summoned, would show themselves towering. On one of these occasions they differed as to who was, or who was not an Englishman. George denied the right of his brother, who had been born in India, to the title. Dion claimed it nevertheless. At length, in the heat of argument, George pointed out his brother's complexion, which was of a darker hue than that of an European born. There was a deadly insult in this, as the general in his talk had always alluded to the blacks as an inferior race little above the brutes. The reproach was too aggravating to reply, nor had Dion temper. He appealed to the general, who felt even more than his eldest son. He was in a tremendous rage, and applied corporal punishment to George. This fixed upon Dion the reproach of being a tattleteller, and a favourite. There were parties and arguments in the household for and against. Scenes of this kind were often renewed betwixt the step-brothers. The general himself saw that it was necessary to separate them. The preliminaries requisite for their entering upon their military career occasioned some unnecessary delay.

Meantime, poor George's soft nature had betrayed him into an attachment. It was, of course, to a fair personage of the neighbourhood: lovely, too; he did not want taste. And his ambition in the way of choice, aimed as high as it well could, for Gertrude was the very belle of the county, the most admired nymph of the vale. She was in truth both amiable and beautiful, well born and well endowed, but a more fit match, calculation would say, for the younger than for the elder son of Lord Earsham.

Dionysius did not know enough of the world to reason so. He had confined himself pretty much to his father's company, and to the latitude of Earsham; and the most lovely personage of the vicinity was to his young eye the loveliest in the world. It was not without envy, therefore, that he saw George anticipate him in admiring the girl, and in professing, however tacitly, that attachment. Dionysius alone would not have formed one. He was selfish, and too occupied with the sword and braided coat that awaited him so soon, to have fallen enamoured of his own accord. But envy produced love, or rather stood for it in his breast.

Promptitude and priority tell much in affairs of this kind. The fair Gertrude, lost as she was, felt honoured as well as pleased by the attentions of young George, whose since-

rity was manifest. In the minds of all the young folks of the vale, the attachment betwixt George and Miss Gertrude was considered mutual and final. Marriage could not take place betwixt folks so young; but after a year or a campaign, the thing could not be doubtful. This arrangement made a firm part of George's creed, and reliance on it buoyed him up to the prospect of hastily joining his regiment, and so acquiring the freedom of manhood.

Tender was the farewell of George. He poured his soul out at the feet of his mistress. If warmth and the truest devotion could have secured the possession of a female heart, Gertrude's would have been irrevocably his. His indeed it was at that moment. She neither frowned reluctance, nor smiled falsehood. Her assent was real. She was happy in the possession of an honourable lover, and she looked that happiness in all the smiling radiance of a girl's joy.

George set off to join his regiment in India, carrying with him a store of sweet recollections and sweeter promises. Dionysius, who remained at home, his commission being of more difficult and tedious acquirement, pursued his departing brother with his wonted hate. He instantly, as the friend of George, attached himself to the young lady's side; soon hinted that he was an ardent admirer of her as even his brother had been; and that, although he hitherto held back through generosity, and to avoid collision, yet now he could not altogether repress the secret, or live on without divulging it, however hopelessly.

The treacherous avowal was heard more in surprise than indignation. Gertrude's constancy, in her own mind, robbed it of its sting, and to resent would certainly be productive of enmity and ill. She, therefore, listened, drank the flattery with hesitation, but not with reluctance. She saw not the poison, nor the envious feeling which inspired it. Then Gertrude was the belle, the spoiled maid of the region, and admiration was an accustomed due, of which her bethrothal to George had in part deprived her, and of which her vanity began to feel the lack. She repulsed Dionysius, nevertheless: reprehended him firmly, but as gently as a lovely girl, not without either ambition or vanity, might be supposed to repel the heir to a title. The resistance acted but as a provocative. Then George's letters were not frequent. The post from India was far less regular than the ride of Dionysius from Earsham. The curious eyes of the vale turned like its weathercocks, in another quarter. 'Twas pretty behaviour. 'What a coquette.' 'And a brother, too!' But Gertrude was not to be thwarted in her ways by censure. It piqued her, on the contrary, to set it at defiance. And so the murmurs of acquaintances told, in the modern sense meant, for Dionysius, and against George. How could it be otherwise? *Les absents ont toujours tort*—a maxim as true in love as in logic. And the very sweet, lovely, amiable Gertrude forgot her constancy, as she gazed on the star of the future Lord Earsham. Her parents did not oppose her fickleness: on the contrary. And they were much to blame. How they pitied George! But their daughter! 'Every one has a right to do the best for their children,' was the indignant and rather pert reply made to conscience. Poor Gertrude! it cost a great deal of anguish. Irresolution is a state of such

unpleasantness. To do her justice, if the combat had been betwixt love and interest, that is, mere wealth, the little god had inevitably been victorious. But title! to lose it, how horrid! a subject 'twould be of eternal remorse.

But where was General Lord Earsham, the imperious man, the nabob, whilst a little rustic in petticoats rules the fate and thoughts of his sons? He was deeply engaged in a campaign against the gout; that gripping enemy had made a lodgment in his extremities, and the general feared a further attack upon his citadel, the stomach. The general carried on his defence, by keeping the said citadel as empty as temperance could make it. With what anger and tooth-grinding he reflected that his peerage could not save him; and that one of his wives had now been more valuable than even a ducal title. Dion was a hurried visiter in the sick-chamber, and shrank from the task of nurse. After a year's solitude and suffering, the general paid the penalty of the selfish and cruel man—he died unattended, unregretted.

Gertrude was the wife of Dionysius before that time. The event raised her to the fulfilment of her highest hopes; she was Barones, of Earsham. Ere the evolution of a year Dionysius and his lady were established in Park-lane, on a footing of acquaintance and rivalry of expense with those who counted thousands for their hundreds. The spouses were happy. They had no opportunities of disagreeing—each had his or her vehicle, friends, horses—and their pursuits were almost as diverse. Still home is a place whither woman, like man, is driven to. He may find distraction out of it, but never happiness. The stream of expense still rolled; it was fearful; and yet Lord Earsham perceived that it did not procure that for which it was exclusively expended. The board was not full with the guests demanded: the ball was not frequented as it should be.—Wealth may command friends, but not its own selection of them. Whose was the fault in the present case? Where the fault? Lady Easham was not used to life? She was new, giddy, trifling, wanted tact. Her beauty, too, perhaps, was failing. What a fool had he been to marry, till he had seen the world! It was that damned George, and his folly, had led him into the scrape. Every thing in the world depended on the choice of a wife. He had had neither money, nor connexion, nor that social talent which is worth both in a wife. So Lord Earsdam owned; and that was much for a guardsman. Then his affairs: — take it, he was not yet of rank for command. 'Cursed fool! I might have been content to be a bachelor aid-de-camp to —, and chose this at leisure. A peerage, and to throw it away!—curse of being mewed up at home. Gad! I wish my lady would take it into her head—but no—come—that would be a sufficiently abominable remedy, and I am somewhat of a rascal for even thinking of it. Yet it is her own suggestion—her own. She flirts it with all the assurance of —. As if Miss Gertrude —, though Lady Earsham, could take with impunity the manners of an earl's daughter.'

Finally, George returns, marries Helena, a rich friend of Gertrude's, and discloses to his wife a fact of which he had no intention of taking advantage himself, that he had ascertained in India that his brother was born of a mother of half race, to whom his father had not been married. Dion was without chil-

gren, and George thought that waiving his right would only be an injury to himself, to which he was willing for the present to submit, for the sake of his brother and of Gertrude. But Helena thought differently; she saw no magnanimity in the forbearance, but only huge injustice to herself. Of course she prevails; Dionysius goes into voluntary exile, and Gertrude dies of her own feeble heart and silly vanity.

The Indian Brothers. Facts and authentic Sketches illustrative of Eastern Manners and Character, as connected with the Progress of Christianity in India. 18mo.— Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

To those, and they are many, who feel a devout interest for the state of the Christian religion in India, we earnestly recommend this book. Were it a work of fiction, executed upon the plan of a novel or romance, it might be indeed better adapted to the general taste, even in these countries where religion bears so exalted a name. For we observe, with regret, that even in the religious world, publications purely imaginative, that exhibit the influence of speculative doctrines upon practical life, are more sought after and relished, than such as detail interesting facts, unembellished by fancy, and from which the simplest mind may draw inferences as far transcending in real utility those uncertain conclusions deduced from works of fiction, as truth stands out in solid and permanent beauty, when compared with the elegant but fleeting combinations of the poet's creation.—To those who feel a strong, enduring, and personal interest in religion, as an active principle, operating not only on themselves, but in its benevolent consequences upon those whose position in life demands their assistance, the morbid tone of unmeaning sentiment, frequently fanatical and uncharitable, which pervades such works, will appear calculated to operate injuriously, rather than to improve the mind of the reader.

We hail with much pleasure any work coming from a trust-worthy pen, that substitutes fact for fiction, on the all-important subject of religion; and we welcome with sincere satisfaction the little work now before us, as the first of the kind, which contains nothing but truth, and truth of a most interesting character. There are few subjects of which we know less, yet of which we are anxious to know more, than the positive state of religion in India, and the character, manners, dispositions, and prejudices of its inhabitants. This was one of the many circumstances which render Heber's Journal so deeply interesting. To those, however, who would wish a very brief and clear account of the whole matter, we recommend the volume before us. It is the production of a man who has seen what he describes, and whose details rest for their authenticity, not upon mere assertion, but on public and accredited documents. There are many circumstances in it new to the reader, related too in a pleasing and graphic style, and such as cannot fail to interest every one who loves picturesque and forcible description of a country remarkable for its gorgeous magnificence of scenery.

The short history of Sabet and Abdallah is very touching, but for a development of character under most interesting circumstances, we shall quote the meeting of the Brothers.

“At length he arrived at his destination, under circumstances of no ordinary interest; he sought out and found the object of his solicitude, to whom the visit was pleasing, as it was unexpected. The greetings of fraternal affection after a separation of nearly twenty years; the recollections of boyhood; the endearments of youth; the many vicissitudes of the parental and family circle; the various and conflicting incidents characteristic of the history of each brother; the entirely new and opposite position in which each was placed; the change of sentiments and pursuits which set them so far apart; the delicate situation of guest and entertainer which they occupied, constrained each party, impatient as they were for the conflict, to indulge a pause of hesitation, tenderness and concern. But this could not last long: two days passed over, still the signal had not been displayed, though each belligerent seemed willing to avail himself of the delay as an opportunity to scrutinize the character of his antagonist, and if possible to detect the vulnerable point on which the assault should be made. In these two short days over how many years did they traverse, how many scenes did they recall, and how rapid the progress both made in the knowledge of each other! Again did they seek the haunts of their early days, again did they listen to a parent's voice; and while gazing upon each other's altered visage, again did they remember that the same mother bore them, the same arms embraced them, and the same affection cherished their healthful and watched over their sickly days: that they were bone of each other's bone, and flesh of each other's flesh; and again, as at the first, they fell upon each other's neck and embraced and wept.”

Our limits prevent us from giving further details, but we willingly recommend this little work. The scenes, the persons, the subject, in short the whole matter are new, and managed, though so briefly, with simplicity, truth and talent.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

FINE ARTS—Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part II.—Tilt, London.

In our notice of the first part of this charming work, we ventured a prediction that the succeeding parts would exhibit still greater beauty, and our expectations have not, in this instance, been disappointed. The first plate represents a distant view of Skiddaw, from the pencil of Dewint. The subject is wild and picturesque, and treated with admirable truth and feeling. The second plate, Dunottar Castle, by Daniel, is a still finer subject, treated with much truth and beauty, but yet not, we think, with that vigour of effect, which a subject of such sublimity required. The quantity of light in the sky is injudicious, and the foreground rocks want force and richness. In the third plate, Loch Ard, we have a beautiful and characteristic specimen of Robson's happiest powers—a mountain lake, reflecting as in a mirror the various objects by which it is environed. It is admirably harmonious in the lines, and full of sentiment in the effect: serene, but not languid or monotonous; sober, but not gloomy; silent, but not sad: a poetical feeling of beauty and repose is breathed over the whole composition, and the burin of the engraver appears to have done it ample justice. In the fourth plate, the Waste of Cumberland, by Copley Field-

ing, we have a subject in every respect a contrast to the preceding, except in the admirable skill with which it is depicted. The one soothes us with its tranquil beauty, while the dreary sterility of the other makes us shudder; and yet to a true lover of nature they will give equal pleasure. Mr. Fielding is, perhaps, of all the living landscape painters, only second to Turner in the versatility of his powers.—He is equally himself in a pastoral woodland, or on a rocky mountain, in a storm at sea, or in a calm—in a luxuriant garden, or on a barren heath. Nature is equally familiar to him under every aspect which she assumes, and he imitates her in every variety with equal truth and feeling. A man of genius alone could hope to give interest to such a subject as that which has called forth these observations, a bleak and desolate flat, without an object to break the horizon, but a small cottage and a blasted tree bending in the wind! Such are the materials of which it is composed, and to which the skill and poetic feeling of the artist have given an exciting interest, not inferior to that which we should receive from a subject of the most luxuriant or romantic beauty. But we are exceeding our limits, and shall only add, that this delightful work most richly merits the patronage of all genuine lovers of the fine arts.

Anstey's New Bath Guide. A new edition, with biographical and topographical preface, and anecdotal annotations. By John Britton, F.S.A. Embellished with engravings.—London, Hurst Chance and Co.

EVERY body knows the Bath-guide; it has gone through at least twenty editions. It is a satire on manners, and is always styled by the small critics ‘playful and polished.’ We confess the polish is so fine as always to have escaped our observation. It is a curious book, however, full of familiar drollery, and written we believe by a respectable gentleman, though not of a very refined school; the present edition, which owes its attraction chiefly to the illustrations, is by much the best that we have seen. That very offensive stanza in Miss Prudence's letter to Lady Betty giving an account of her election to methodism by a vision, is omitted; so might the stars be which supply its place. The wood engravings at the beginning, by Williams, are truly admirable: broad and clear and full of humour. Of the copper etchings by Cruikshank, we do not think so highly. This artist, though undoubtedly a droll dog, is somewhat over-rated.—The English have so little fun in their own composition that they cannot estimate the shades of it in other men, at all; with them it is a broad grin or nothing. In Ireland we are more familiar with the commodity, and therefore more delicate in our perceptions of its excellence. Apropos of Bath, a new book of verses called ‘Eight Letters from Bath, by the Fidget family,’ has recently appeared: it is a poor performance both as to satire and verse-making. In fact the glory has departed from the city of king Bladud, it waves its ‘high and palmy state’ no more, and scarcely affords *material* for even a skilful satirist to display his powers. The Fidget family seems modelled on the Fudge family for its plan, but the wit and poetry are wanting. By the bye our readers are, perhaps, not aware that Anstey, whose book is at the head of this notice,